

ILLUSTRATED SPORTING NEWS

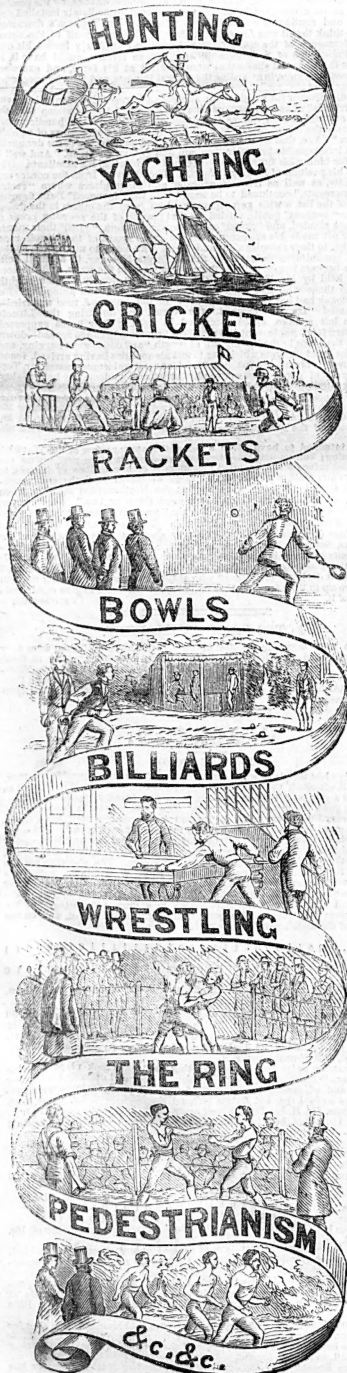


AND THEATRICAL AND MUSICAL REVIEW.

No. 1.

SATURDAY, MARCH 15, 1862.

ONE PENNY.



TO OUR READERS.

At a time when sporting subjects attract so much interest in England, the present newspaper is started to illustrate whatever is great, new, useful, or curious within the sphere of its operations. In a first address to the public it is usual to anticipate support by promises which an age only can realise. To fulfil hopes excited by confidence is not always in the power of diligence; it requires time to mature excellence, observation to attain perfection, and unremitting attention to create a success. The pencil of the artist cannot have a wider field for the display of talent than that which is presented to his view in the occurrences of the sporting world. Englishmen revel beyond the denizens of any other nation on earth in those athletic games and healthy amusements which tend to invigorate the mind and develop the physical powers of the human frame. Their salutary effects are visible throughout the entire of our system. Where is to be seen so strong a race, such capacity of endurance, such mental and

physical power as in England? The aristocracy—effeminate in other countries—presents in this the finest specimens of manly heroism to be found all the world over. At all games requiring activity, strength of nerve, and powers of endurance, the English nobleman and gentleman is ever foremost. Who rides so boldly in the field—who toils so vigorously in the wood, the moor, the heath, or the mountain side? Who handles the oar with such skill and strength of muscle? Who bowls the ball or wields the bat with such dexterity and force as the Englishman, in all grades, from the humble homestead to the castellated tower? And yet, though field sports in all their phases and forms are so popular in England as to become part and parcel of its social system, we have no organ exclusively employing the graver to illustrate with life-like fidelity many exciting events which are of frequent occurrence in connection with racing, shooting, angling, coursing, yachting, and those healthy and exciting amusements which are at once the pride and boast of our native land. To portray these in perfection will be our study, and *THE ILLUSTRATED SPORTING NEWS*—the first number of which is this day issued to the public—desires to be encouraged no longer than it shall really be entitled to the patronage and support it seeks.



JEM MACE, CHAMPION OF ENGLAND.

(From a Photograph, by Nichols, of the Albion Studio, Stredalich.)

LS.

LIVERPOOL RACES.—TUESDAY.

Mr. Bruce's Lord of the Manor, 6 yrs, 8st 8lb (Fordham)
 Mr. Bell's Pupit, 3 yrs, 7st (Hobson)
 Lord Stamford's Little Lady, 4 yrs, 8st 12lb (including 7lb extra) (Edwards) 5
 Betting, — 6 to 4 agst Little Lady, 3 to 1 agst Lord of the Manor, 9 to 2 agst agst Brilliant and Abron.

The favourite, with Abron, made play to the turn, where Abron took it up the distance, where Brilliant went in first, and won by two lengths. A length between the second and third. A bad fourth.

WEDNESDAY.

Mr. W. T. Park's b g by Light-Thana, 3 yrs, est 415 (Wentney) 6
 Betting: 2 to 1 agst Little Lady, 3 to 1 agst Lord of the Manor, 7 to 2 agst Julia.

Miss Julia made the running in company with Little Lady and Harriette a distance, where they were joined by Lord of the Manor. At the stance Miss Julia was beaten, leaving Little Lady, Brilliant, and Lord of the Manor in front. One of the best races of the meeting ensued, which was a neck by a head, a head only separating the second and third; Harriette

THE TRIAL STAKES of 5 sovs each, with 30 added, for three-yr. olds and upwards;
T.Y.C. 9 subs.

Fox, and 10 to foalgest Bernice. Withheld not a
 and a half separating the second and third; Donna Cenne was a bad fourth
 Charles Fox next.

THE MUNICIPAL STAKES of 5 sovs each, with 25 added. Mares and Geldings
 allowed 3lb. Half a mile.

Lord Strathmore's Ceres, 4 yrs (240)	1
Mr. A. Young's Erica, 4 yrs (240)	2
.....	3

we hope to put our subscribers on to "a good thing or two." As, however, many, like me, have "a finger in the pie," we may remark that the principal event of the week, the Warwickshire Handicap, seems to us likely to suit the pretensions of Cosmopolite or the Lawyer, should they start; whilst, of the light weights, Satanella has nothing to fear, if she has any just claims to support for events of more importance. As to the other items, the Willoughby Handicap, the Two-year-old Stakes, and the Walton and Debdale Stakes, must at present decline "meddling" with them; but, should anything "wort

SHOOTING

On Saturday, March 15th (this day), a handsome gold watch will be shot for by 12 members, 5s. each, the winner can have the money or the watch. As the watch has been shot for the proprietor of the grounds will give a gold free, open to all, to be shot for at 5 sparrows each.

DONALD AND ROBSON.—Mr. Holden, the Banker, of Manchester, now £20 a side for the match between Joe Donald and Mr. Brown (alias Robson) of Newcastle, to shoot at 160 birds each, for £100.

JEM MACE, CHAMPION OF ENGLAND.

No vulgar champion now betides the field,
But one beneath whose blows the best have reeled.
—

WHEN the celebrated American citizen, Daniel Webster, enunciated that "the power of his own arm is an early lesson among the studies of primitive men," he but confirmed the opinion of many astute leaders before him in the senate of either land that pugilism was essentially a Briton's heritage. The physique of our ancestors tended, indeed, to raise it up as an institution, which the best impulsive men of former, as well as modern days, have become proficient in. There can be traced this hereditary of restless desire to accomplish deeds of pre-eminence with Nature's own weapons (the only sure corrective and antidote for the bravo's knife) ever since the days of Pleg, in 1719, to our current Exhibition date of '62; and this passing reign of promise brings us, therefore, to the ostensible cause of our present writing—a succinct biographical memoir of James Mace, the pugilistic Champion of England, and, for the time being, the holder of that important trophy, the Belt, which "Sir Thomas De Sayers," as the *Chronicle* of the Modern Babylon facetiously termed him, struggled so manfully, but unsuccessfully, to retain on the memorable field of Farnborough, against John C. Heenan, the Benicia Boy, in the year of grace 1850, Jem assimilated in weight with Sayers, his predecessor, more than did any other heroes of championship exhibitions. He was ushered into this busy world at Norwich in 1831, but was never heard of in the roped arena until the 2nd of October, '55, when, weighing 10st. 10lb., he gained his maiden victory over Slack, 19 minutes, at Mildenhall, Suffolk. This preliminary affair in isthmus caused his temporary translation to the London Ring, and he so pleased all by his admirable progression in the science that he was pitted, against Bill Thorpe, for half-a-century, February 17, 1857, "down the Melway." This was also a short battle, and again did he prove himself stout of heart and strong of hand by winning in 27 minutes, 18 rounds. The next warrior for contention he sought for in Mike Madden, whose name, like the household words of his common life, was linked, by many-tongued rumour, with superiority of tactics, unblemished gameness, and had been invoked by his partisans as one of the leading men of that epoch, despite his adverse encounters with Hayes and Ned Donnelly. Here comes the most mysterious part of our gallant hero's career, for, after articles of war had been duly signed and sealed, yet he refused to agree to the referee properly appointed by the stakeholder, and so forfeited to Madden the sum of £50. A second time was a match arranged between the two, and here again was confusion worse confounded, for the stereotyped phraseology of that oracle of the Ring, the Editor of *Bell's Life*, is that Mace "bolted the morning of fighting," in part illustrating, if not in the faithful observance of the Hadliras couplet—

"He that fights and runs away,
Lives to fight another day!"

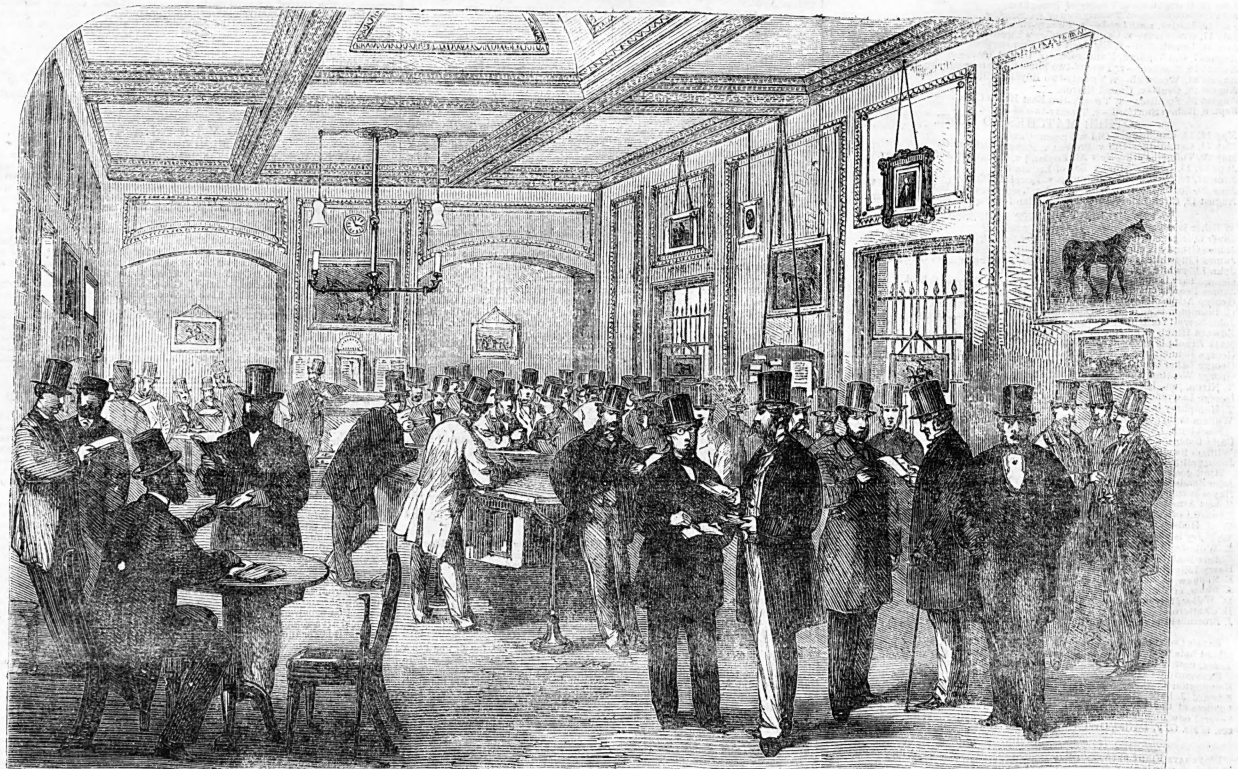


JEM MACE, CHAMPION OF ENGLAND, IN FIGHTING COSTUME.

(From a Photograph by George Newbold, of the Strand.)

It would be futile to search for the innate motives of mankind in any transactions throughout life: the task is as unpleasant as unprofitable. If "our James" has undergone the crying but of pugilism, there is a silver lining to every cloud, and he has lived to fight another day with a vengeance, as our after narrative will summarise, and to the utter astonishment of those who would have it he had the white feather in perpetuity. He first paled before the fire of Bob Brettie, the greatest pet in Birmingham since Hammer Lane's day, as Owen Swift well wrote of, as Jem was compelled to strike his colors in a solitary couple of rounds of only 3 minutes' duration. Despite this sore discomfiture, which, as may be presumed, produced more railing and questioning, "the hardiest and most determined" of "the hardy village," in 11 rounds, 17 minutes, January 25th, 1850, for a cool hundred, and he then began to stem the tide of fortune, for he vanquished Travers, the Black, then Brettie, his old antagonist—the two latter bouts having been always considered professionals of more than ordinary boxing pretensions. Now we find him with indomitable resolution, crossing the Alps, preparing to pass the Rubicon. He fought, San Hurst, the Staleybridge Infant, for £200 a side and the Championship, on the 18th of June last, and earned his first laurels as head master in 8 rounds, 26 minutes. He was not long, however, destined to hold his young and stalwart antagonist was furnished in the person of Tom King, who had been first introduced to us as a neophyte of Jem Ward's, the respected pugilistic painter of the King's Arms, Whitechapel-road, and whose studio contains many models on which he has formed his style, after the celebrated Turner. After a gay, rattling contest not far from the ancient historical *foote* of Goldstone, in Kent, the King, despite the improvement and finish given him by Nat Langham, the only man who ever beat Tom Sayers, was checked by one of those *confusions* which oftentimes are witnessed in ring practice; and Mace returned home again to his popular "drum," the King John, Holywell-street, Shoreditch, the winner of a second champion fight. Our engraving of the holder of the Belt is from a photograph taken expressly for *The Sporting News* by Nicholls, of Shoreditch, the *chef* of the East-End. Nothing, we opine, need be added as to the faithful portraiture of our hero, whose look seems as hard as a north-east wind. Who is to be the forthcoming man for him next to assay abilities with it is impossible to divine; but, judging from his later mode of battle, we think we err not in endorsing the application of Adam Bede's homely text that "there's no fear but he'll yield well if the threshing; he's not one of them as is all straw and no grain." For some length of time past Mace has kept the King John, Holywell-street, within a few moments' walk of the Eastern Counties Railway station, where his wife and family assist him in business. The establishment, as can naturally be conceived, attained a great degree of popularity immediately upon Mace taking possession of it; and he has certainly shone—and deservedly so too—as a veritable "Star of the East" in that locality.

JOE GOSS'S TESTIMONIAL.—A few of the London friends of the renowned Joe Goss have subscribed to a handsome testimonial in the shape of a gold lever watch.



THE SUBSCRIPTION ROOM AT TATTERSALL'S.

(From a Sketch by our own Artist.)

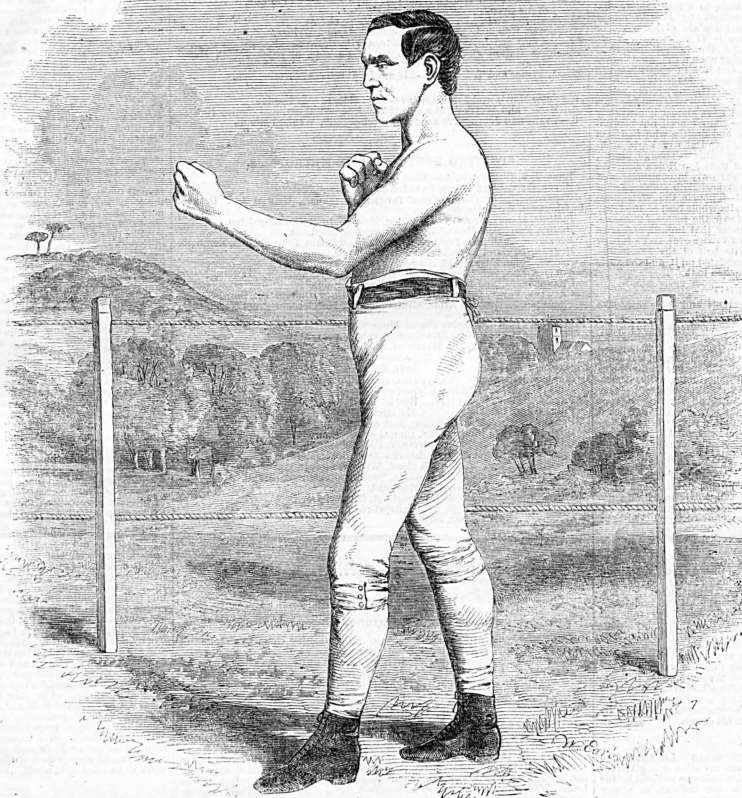
THE FIGHT

BETWEEN

BOB BRETTLE & ROOKE

For £400.

THE renewed encounter between these Birmingham pugilists was fixed upon by the final stakeholder for Tuesday last. It will be recollected by the sporting readers that these antagonists fought in January, but after two days' trial they could not settle their differences, and so, in consequence of Brettle having sprained his ankle, the mill was adjourned. It is necessary to make some slight allusion to the combatants, however stereotyped may be the facts of such things. "Sir Robert de Brettle" was born in the year 1834, at Portobello, near Edinburgh, and his first tilt we find to have been in 1854, at the early age of 20, with Master Malpas, well known about Wallall Steps and the black country. Their weight was lost, 4th, and the stakes £20 in all—not as otherwise chronicled. 80 rounds were noted on Deptford Common, near King Charles's faithful city of Worcester, when, amidst a scene of almost indescribable confusion, the referee blew hot and cold with one breath by giving two distinctly opposite decisions as to a claim of "foul," and eventually the stakes were drawn. Prompt for action, he did not suffer the grass to grow under his feet, and under the auspices of some leading ring-goers in the Modern Babylon it was determined a customer should be found him in Jack Jones—*the Humphries*—of Portsmouth. They met on the 21st of the following November, at Long Reach, when in an hour and 45 minutes darkness put a stop to the fight. Another day was named, but the stakes were eventually awarded to the Portsmouth dare-devil, upon an allegation that Brettle was a party to his own arrest to prevent a resumption of hostilities. In another twelve months—less five days—he once more entered the roped arena, flushed with as much hope as ever as to his innate capacity for success. His opponent was a young roystering son of Erin in the hardware village, named Roger Coyne. They contended at Combe, near Birmingham, and this adversary, as all P.R. habitués readily perceived, was more to his tether, and he then gained his first victory after 49 sharp and rapid rounds. In June, 1886, Sam Simmonds and Bob faced each other for £200 a side at Detroit, and this time, too, he vanquished his man in the brief period of 16 minutes. Again he was deemed good and true enough to undergo another London ordeal, and arrangements were duly made for a meeting between Bob and Job Cobley, whose then agility of nerve and action had gained him the appellation of the Elastic Pui-boy. Shell Haven proved a very haven of gratification to him on this occasion, for the flat of the referee was in his favor; in consequence of Job falling without a blow. His style of performance, nevertheless, on this occasion was so trusty and improved that it completely set him aright in the estimation of his former metropolitan friends; and this was confirmed by the fact that they immediately matched him against



BOB BRETTLE, IN FIGHTING COSTUME.

(From a Photograph by George Newbold, of the Strand.)

Bob Travers, Nat Langham's Pet Black, for £100 a side; they fought at Appleton, January 28, 1888, and were interrupted by the police after 1 hour 5 minutes. In the renewed battle he beat Travers in 2 hours 5 minutes, Shell Haven giving him another verdict for an improper fall on the part of his opponent. He was now in his meridian, and on the 1st of September, 1888 he was pitted before Jem Mace, against whom, at that period, it was all Lombard, street to an orange as to his ever being champion of England. This spurt took place down the Medway, and Brettle won in two rounds (3 minutes), the Norwich man having been deaf to time. Having got the best in a sparring encounter at Birmingham with Tom Sayers, the gallant champion of that day, his friends enthusiastically took £200 to £400, and for this heavy stake the two met in Sussex, Sept. 20, 1889. Only seven rounds were fought, in 15 minutes, when Bob was disabled in his shoulder, and compelled to suffer defeat. It was, however, at the hands of one of the bravest boxers chronicled in *Faerie*, and we coincide in the unbiased opinion of many good judges in these matters that it would have been better by far for Brettle to have then retired from the P.R. However, the old leaven was strong within him, and on September 19th, 1890, he again met Jem Mace at Wallingford-road, but he found a better man than ever in his old opponent, who cut him up root and branch in six rounds 12 minutes, and the battle would assuredly have been decided then in Mace's favour if the police authorities had not put in an appearance. Indeed, it was a foregone conclusion, and hoping actually against hope Bob was compelled to face his man again the following day down the river. In 5 minutes, during which 7 short rounds were fought, fate decided against him, and Mace was hailed as the victor. The percentage was thus once more most unwelcomely reduced, but, strange to say, had not the slightest effect on his mania for match making; for despite Time's unerring warning, that even good fighting men cannot last for ever, he again met within the cords to finish his fighting career; not with Sayers, whose name would have been a halo of credit to him, but with a boxer far from being A1 in his profession, Bob and Rooker fought for £1,000, including a bet of £200 a side, made between the former and Mr. Ward, a backer of Rooker's. Every one will recollect the unsatisfactory two days' proceedings on that occasion, and the adjournment till Tuesday last. He trained at Mrs. Stockley's, Cosley, near Lichfield, and was superintended in this respect by Joe Wareham, an old opponent of the once celebrated Tom Lane. Rooker is three and twenty years old, and the first light on record of his was with the aforesaid Tommy Lane at Areley, on Cannock Chase, on the 16th of January, 1859. Fifty-one rounds were fought in 1 hour 22 minutes, when Rooker was hailed as the winner. He in turn, however, got beaten by Joe Goss, of Northampton, on the 20th of September, in the same year, in the same ring as Sayers and Brettle. The battle lasted 1 hour 40 minutes. He fought a draw with Patsy Heardon, May 1, 1860, 37 rounds, 1 hour 15 minutes. He was beaten by Job Cobley on the 30th of July in 33 rounds, 1 hour 54 minutes, and no other performance can we find, except the one, we are now about to particularize. He was trained by Charley Jenkinson, at Mr. Puckwood's, Bellian Arms, Hammer-smith.



Mrs. BOCCICAUT.

Mr. TROLE.

Mr. EMERY.

Mrs. BOCCICAUT.

SCENE FROM "THE LIFE OF AN ACTRESS," NOW PLAYING AT THE ADELPHI.

(From a Sketch by our own Artist.)

have another pint." "Oh!" says I, "that will do; I suppose you are for your supper?" "Yes," says he, "I am; for as the sun is

[illegible]

HOW TO TRAIN

FIGHTS TO COME

NEWCASTLE ON TYNE

NOVEL FOOT RACE—A match of a somewhat novel character came off at the Victoria Running Grounds, Sunderland, on Saturday, between William Thompson and William Walker, of Ryde. Thompson's views were that they should run a foot race, and Walker, who was lying on the ground with the starting pistol was fired. Walker consequently got a lead of about eight yards, but after an exciting race, Thompson won by one yard.

PEGLISTS BOUND OVER AT NEWCASTLE.—On Monday morning, at the "unseasonably" late hour of 11 a.m., Alexander Nelson and Walter Smith, two big, burly men, appeared, with their feet bound together, to stand at the West End, to settle a little difference for £1 a side. Three men

more simple form. "Take some good compound, such as George's Anusol Pills, and we find that the desired end may be obtained without scales and weights, or little mysterious compartments, and enchanted bottles, with crystal stoppers. Others might be used, but Cockle's Pills, as tested by many thousands of persons, and found to answer their purpose so well may be set down as the best."—*Observer*

